

FREE SOCIETY

FORMERLY THE FIREBRAND.

An Exponent of Anarchist-Communism: Holding that Equality of Opportunity alone Constitutes Liberty, that in the Absence of Monopoly Price and Competition Cannot Exist, and that Communism is an Inevitable Consequence.

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WHOLE NO. 313.

My Shield.

(Translated by Steven T. Byington, in *Discontent*.)

Protection beg I none from men of might,
Nor adulate the lofty with a smile;
Alone, and with my shield resplendent, I'll
Withstand the harsh clash of the fearful fight.
My breast by manly fury is made light;
And breathes nor truce nor rest for any while.
I do not fear the prison dark and vile,
Nor does the combat with its risks affright.
Let retrogrades and traitors great and small
Avenge their rancor and their wrath on me,
A noble heart fears slander not at all;
And my stark hand forevermore shall wield
Not the unworthy knife of tyranny,
But Right's good swords: by this I keep the field.
—Alfonso Zepeda. W.

Should Bresci's Torture Be Avenged?

The civilized world learns without the slightest shudder that the man who assassinated King Humbert of Italy is being slowly tortured to death. He was sentenced to life imprisonment in a dark cell; and when that awful penalty was announced the statement accompanied it that such ingenious cruelties, as the guards from time to time might devise, would be inflicted upon the victim, who would be permitted to see no other persons whatever, and therefore could make no complaint that would reach his fellow man.

The information now is that the tortures have been so artfully contrived that the wretch is already insane. It is not stated whether they will continue until death closes the dreadful scene, but that is no doubt the program.

And this terrible inhumanity is practiced by authority of one of the Christian nations before the eyes of the Christian world. One man only has the power to say it shall cease. That man is the reigning king of Italy. He alone is responsible for the black spot of barbarism which mars the fair face of twentieth century humanity. He negatively approves the horror by omitting to order it to cease.

A proper consideration of this exhibition of Christian savagery can take no account of the fact that the victim is an Anarchist, who took the life of a king. He took the life simply of a human being, and as a human being he should pay the penalty. The penalty for murder among civilized peoples is not slow torture. At the most it is death by some means of quick dispatch, or imprisonment for life, which is probably worse.

In Italy they are wreaking studied and prolonged vengeance upon a murderer because it was their king he killed. The people are not doing it, it is the government. The common sense of humanity probably revolts there as elsewhere at the horror.

But a lesson must be taught those who would disregard the sacredness of a sovereign's person, even if in teaching it a greater crime than that which it aims to punish and prevent be committed. The judgment of

Christendom must be that the king of Italy, in permitting unspeakable tortures to be inflicted upon Bresci, who slew the king's father, himself is guilty, before God and man, of a more heinous offense.

But whose business is it? is the question that occurs.

First of all it is the business of the remaining members of the organization to which the victim Bresci belongs. He is an Anarchist, and killed the king, not because of any considerations personal to himself, but because of an insane belief that some public good would flow from the act.

In committing the deed he represented an organization. It matters nothing that subsequently the organization, no doubt for prudential reasons, turned to him the cold shoulder, at least outwardly. They are bound by every consideration of manhood and honor, if such things are known among them, to help him if they can.

It would be as insane as the original act to think of a plot to free Bresci. They might, however, free him from the horror of a death by inches through physical pain. In freeing him they would also free the civilized world from the mental distress which news of the progress of the torture occasions. Not only mental distress, but a certain demoralization of the character and brutalization of the sensibilities, such as invariably result from familiarity with acts of barbarism receiving high sanction.

What could the remaining Anarchists do? They could notify the king of Italy that the laws of God and man recognize that the wretch Bresci forfeited his life when he committed murder, but that no crime possible to be committed rightfully subjects the criminal to prolonged torture. They could say that the torture of Bresci must cease, and that satisfactory proof that it has ceased must be furnished from time to time, or the one person responsible for its continuance would pay the penalty.

As between a monarch who orders that a human being shall be visited with all the physical and mental agony possible to be devised, and that his life shall be studiously prolonged in order that he may receive more and more punishment, and the man who would slay such a monarch, the opinion of the civilized world would lean toward the slayer and against the slain.

The question of the nature of the offense for which the tortures were inflicted would have no weight in forming the judgment, for it is not conceded among civilized peoples that any offense can warrant a form of punishment which exhausts the possibilities of barbarism.

No evidence is accessible showing what the Anarchists amount to as an organization, either numerically or in character of mem-

bership, but if they signify anything serious at all they ought to be willing to take a chance in avenging the horrible treatment of Bresci. There is but one way in which that could be done, for there is but one person in all the world who could cause the treatment to cease if he would.

The killing of a human being is as nothing compared to the keeping alive of a human being for the purpose of inflicting pain upon him; and if the greater crime can be prevented only by the commission of the lesser, then the commission of the lesser becomes justifiable. This is the view, at least, that comes spontaneously from the promptings of humanity.

Of course any Anarchist or other person entering upon an enterprise of this desperate character should be prepared to see that he did not furnish another Bresci for the torturers. That is to say, he should be prepared to finish the job by finishing himself.
—Stockton (Cal.) *Evening Mail*.

COMMENT.

It is indeed refreshing and a significant sign of the times to find that an editor of a daily protests against the tortures inflicted upon a human being, even if he is an Anarchist. The *Mail* has successfully considered the question of the torture, and so no more need be added to that; but a few explanations on some points, which the editor did not understand sufficiently, are in order.

In the first place, Bresci did not represent an organization when he assassinated Italy's king. It was the act of an individual. Bresci, who was a kindhearted and humane man (not a "wretch"), was deeply touched by the great suffering and misery caused by the oppressive measures of the Italian government, and so resolved to utter his protest by killing the king, the official symbol of all this tyranny. The evidence goes to show that he did not even inform his most intimate friends of his intention, and his wife was the most surprised of all. But while the Anarchists denied most emphatically the fabricated "plot," they did not turn Bresci the "cold shoulder." (There was even a fund raised for the support of Bresci's family.) They explained the causes and motives of his deed, but left to individual judgment to consider whether it was beneficial or not. Most Anarchists regard with unqualified approval acts like Bresci's, while others do not.*

The editor of the *Mail* tells the Anarchists that they, as an organization, ought to stop the torture of Bresci, even if it was necessary to kill the present king to accomplish this. No organization existing among the Anarchists, for the purpose of killing kings or anything else, this must, if it is done at

all, be done by individuals. Whether those who approve of Bresci's deed will do so, is for them to decide. If it should be done, let the blood rest on the king's own head! But as the editor of the *Mail* has already shown, that Bresci is an Anarchist cannot be considered in the question of his torture. Every human being has an interest in this, and as the editor of the *Stockton Mail* has advised that it should be stopped, he might carry out his advice, and be the first to start a movement to have it stopped. Such a movement carried on by Anarchists exclusively, would have no effect on the Italian king, for it is evident that the government will go to unimaginable lengths to uphold the sacredness of the sovereign person. But they have no right to torture human beings; and if they persist in doing so, follow your own logic, Mr. Editor, and abolish these governors!

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Greetings to the First of May.

Twelve years have gone by since the memorable international workingmen's congress, by request of Sam Gompers, proclaimed the first of May to be the world's holiday of the working class. With enthusiasm and cheers the proletarians of the Old World grasped the idea to gather, through a demand for the presence of all workingmen of the world under one banner, to unite and consolidate them under one program, to which all proletarians on earth, irrespective of religious or political professions, even without coming in conflict with the capitalistic system of society, could swear. The solidarity of labor was to be demonstrated, their class interests were to be stirred up by this one demand: The demand for the eight-hour workday!

Full with enthusiasm the workingmen of the Old World responded to the proclamation of the Paris congress; from one year to another the masses of celebrators of the May Day grow in the hundreds of thousands; men and women, the sons and daughters of labor, sneer on this day at the order of their oppressors and their hirelings, willingly enduring all sorts of sacrifices and distress afterward; but out in the free nature pulls the call of the Goddess of Liberty, the children of the toil. Higher beats the heart in the breast of the marching and demonstrating proletarians, sharper and brighter looks the hero-eye of the disinherited worker, more powerful sounds his song and poem, and with enthusiasm his voice rises louder in the demands of his rights. In the consciousness of the magnificence of his strength the May Day celebration inspires him with thoughts of future deeds.

From one year to another the army of celebrators grows larger, but from year to year the original cause for the celebration vanishes away, and fiercer and louder becomes the proclamation.

Give the wealth of this earth to its creators. Down with the condemnable capitalistic system, on to work for the establishment of the Socialistic cooperative commonwealth!

So in Europe! But how in the New World, here in America, where the first instigation for the May Day celebration originated

from? One year after the proclamation went forth the demonstration on the May Day was not much more than a deplorable significance of labor's weakness, and what in the Old World made the hearts beat higher, did not find a re-echo in the thoughts of the American worker.—*Brewers' Journal*.

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Religion an Evil.

When we lift our eyes toward the sky on one of those clear, cloudless nights, and behold all the heavenly bodies hanging over us, each one following its own path determined by the law of gravitation; when we take into consideration the views of the astronomical world, strengthened by common sense, we cannot remain so selfish as to deign to the earth the preponderance of being the first and only heavenly body which "God" has endowed with animal life, whose leader is man, having as champion such noble beings like emperors, kings, princes and presidents who reign over fools; Rockefellers, Morgans and Vanderbilts, usurpers of rights and life; and popes, cardinals, bishops, and common priests as representatives of religion, that is to say, as chains which tie up the ignorant and weak from moving wrongly.

Now, if we are inclined to accept the theory that of those hundreds of thousands of bodies floating in the air, some are inhabited by a certain form of life, we shall undoubtedly ask ourselves: What mode of life do those beings lead? Are they also subjected to government and power? (A thing that would not strike the mind of the greatest potentate on earth.) Have they any religious belief? and if they have, how did that inconceivable belief generate in their mind?

We earthly beings, in the present form called men, know that many thousands of ages ago, our ancestors being fascinated by any thought which tended to draw their mind toward something unknown, and which their narrow brains never tried to define, had concentrated their thoughts (that we at present will name religion) upon different forms of animal life and heavenly bodies, which they imagined to be the directors of their lives. Ages later, when that belief began to weaken, the shrewdest of them, to gain power, invented something unknown, obscure, that was named "god," whose residence is in heaven, and as whose special envoys they figured. Why is it that, since so many theories have been advanced about the forms of life in certain planets, no one has ever thought of asking about their religion, a thing that seems to be so essential to us? And what is religion?

Religion is a generation of thought that subjects our thoughts, actions and feelings to a supposed superhuman being whose representatives are on earth, and which representatives are desirous to master everything that is in us, in order to strengthen the power of government, with which religion must go hand in hand.

While we know that religion is only a

thought that masters our mind and body, let us see what thought is.

We know that pathology has been trying vainly to establish its generation, and yet we incontestably submit to it without making any attempt to establish its veracity.

Shall we disgrace the name of man by blindly following the sayings of men whose development of life we have witnessed, of men who have no more material facts to prove their preaching than we have of men who use their preaching to get material benefit of it, and who have the shamelessness of carrying their heads upward, while their utterings are no more than base lies?

And if they really are representatives of some superhuman being called "god," that god must be a great intriguer. He establishes a branch of his government in Rome with a special envoy—the pope, whom he gives certain instructions; another one in some part of Asia with still different instructions, and these envoys, each having his different array of followers, kill and destroy each other by the instigation of the same superhuman being.

If we regard the life of one of the kings of religion like the pope, we shall discover that he never had any intercourse with god. How is it, then, that he is considered his special envoy? Has he not been chosen by men whose interests he fosters? His denunciation of the French government and threatening opposition, because a bill was proposed by which the property of the Church was to be taxed, is evidence of his covetousness of money and nothing else, because god, the creator of every thing, can create money enough for himself if he wants anything to spend.

The money which the capitalists spend for churches is sufficient proof that they know the benefits they get from them, and anything that benefits capital must harm labor. Young Rockefeller is pursuing the same course by preaching to the laboring class obedience to god (that means to him).

The greatest obstacle to Anarchy is religion. It preaches submission and obedience to the strong; it defends the government, the powerful and the rich, and it blindfolds the eyes of the ignorant. Religion is the upholder of monarchy and oppression, and if we want to reach Anarchy we must try to destroy religion.

The French Revolution has proven that clearly.

A NEW YORKER.

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"Movements in Favor of Power."

I fully agree with Morris when he objects to the torture of human beings; and even when it is done for scientific purposes. Everybody has the complete right to the possession of his own body, certainly; and it is only under conditions of slavery that people will at all be made to submit to experimental, or any other torture for the benefit of abstract science, or the caprice of cruel men. Although there are many people who will voluntarily sacrifice themselves for the sake of an idea—superstitious or other—or in

favor of their beloved ones. And I know of many physicians who practice vivisection upon themselves, cutting small vessels in their bodies, injecting themselves with certain toxins, or swallowing "deadly" drugs with a view of demonstrating the efficacy of some newly-discovered antidote, of which they are positive themselves, and of which they are trying to convince others.

Such vivisection is justified only when the subject to be experimented upon is made fully aware of all risks and dangers of the procedure. Compulsion in any form is cruel, especially when it is a matter of suffering, and perhaps of life and death.

Now, that Rome is anti-vivisectionist, anti-experimentalist, and against all forms of scientific research and human enlightenment, there can be not the slightest shadow of doubt in the mind of anybody who is acquainted with the history of the Roman Catholic, or any other Church. Have not the Churches at all times been interested in the maintenance of ignorance? Have they not always defended the darkest institutions? Have they not from time immemorial sanctioned slavery with all its abominations, horrors, and wars? Are they not always on the side of the strongest and against the oppressed and feeblest?

"The scientific tortures are just as damnable as the tortures of the Inquisition," says Morris. Well, but there is the difference of motive, is there not? Killing a tyrant, for example, is not so bad as killing a great benefactor of the human race, although killing *per se* is bad. Even the killing of a chicken is cruel, for that matter, and of flies and insects also, and even here there will be a distinction of purpose and motive. You will kill a chicken in order that you may satiate the hunger of your starving child, and you may kill it simply for sport.

In this world of ours, the inexorable law of the survival of the fittest still rules supreme in a good many ways. And, if you do an injury to some in order to be able to do good to a multitude of others, perhaps to the whole of humanity, it surely cannot be as damnable as when you torture for the purpose of mere revenge, or fanatic bigotry, like in the Inquisition of Spain.

Again, authoritarian materialists in favor of scientific superstitions are just as devilish in their good-of-science experiments as the most fanatic bigot and puritanical zealot that would grind the face of the people unto his idea.

Will Comrade Morris please tell me why he prefixes the word "authoritarian" to the materialists? Would the non-authoritarian materialists be less devilish in their experiments of torture? And what does he mean by scientific superstitions, when one absolutely excludes the other? Anything scientific must be rationally proven and positively established, and therefore cannot be a superstition. Is physiology a superstition? Or anatomy, or surgery, or pathology?

Again, science never "grinds the face of the people unto an idea"; and in this it is to be distinguished from the methods of the Church and religion. Science experiments,

explores, searches, argues and proves, not by physical force, compelling one to accept its theories and maxims, as does the Church through all its existence. Science knows of no *auto-de-fe*, of no thumb-screws, of no man-made laws.

Is there not such a thing as torturing for the purpose of curing, and killing with a view of saving life? How about amputating a gangrenous leg, or doing away with such human monsters as a Nero or a Torquemada?

That some medicos do torture their pauper patients for the sake of experiment, is not the fault of medical science as such, but of the abnormal conditions of the whole life of our present society, in which brutal egotism and greed rules supreme in all of its phases and dominions.

J. A. Morris says that he hates power; whether coming under the name of science, or law, or religion. And I love power; so does everybody; so does Comrade Morris himself, only he does not know it. Why should power be so terribly hated? Does he love weakness, helplessness, and imbecility? Is not the Anarchist movement a movement in favor of power—the power of liberating humanity, of getting our parasitic masters off our backs?

"Knowledge is power." I like the one as well as the other. It all depends, friend. There is such a thing as the using and abusing of power, is there not? If you use the power that is in you to benefit yourself and your fellow-man as well; if you use the power of your genius to invent means of alleviating the ills, of lightening the burdens, or of annihilating the evils of your race,—will that be so hateful, so radically bad?

The cannibal uses the power of his arm to kill his neighbor. Bad. The czar of all the Russias massacres the best of "his" children on the field of battle or on the gallows. Worse still. (The first has at least the pangs of hunger as an apology for his cruel deed.)

Wouldn't you, friend, like to have the power right now, of enlightening and emancipating the world? And would that have been such a fierce abuse of power, were you to possess it?

What has weakness ever done for the world? Was it not power that moulded the universe and everything there is in it? As well burn all the bread-knives lest some murderous fellow will stab his neighbor with one of them!

"When power gets out of the hands of the people, it is an instrument which tortures, degrades and destroys," says Morris.

So that in the hands of "the people," power is all right. At last. And I got so thoroughly frightened by the horrible power business of John A. Morris, that I am really trembling at the idea of power in anybody's hands, even when vested in the people themselves.

But first, let me confess that I do not have the least idea what this phrase, "the power of the people," means. Who are the people in this particular instance? Are they the majority of the nations? Are they the individual members of society? or perhaps all

mankind together (I was going to say, "separately together") and nobody in particular? How am I to ensure that "the people"—whatever that may mean—will not abuse this shocking power affair?

As for me, give me liberty (not death, please) and the power to maintain it against all odds, even against the People (that's it—capital P).

No, sir; sweeping denunciations do not always hold, nor do broad generalizations.

M. A. COHN.

Her Child.

When very early in the morning I awake from my sleep, my eyes at once rest on the visage of the nurse, who stands watchfully bent over the washstand in a corner of my room.

By the twilight of dawn, I look upon her who is so exhausted, drowsy and weary, and her face pale and features worn, from the night's rest disturbed and broken. Patiently, like a quiet lamb, she stands here before me; and, for at least the fifth time now, she is ready to attend instantly to my child's slightest need. I was only, from time to time, slightly aroused by the tiny voice of my babe. But I had one on whom I could rely. She, as if touched by a magic wand, would start from her improvised resting place, untravelling her eyelids and giving her head a few jerks (in an effort) to drive sleep away from her. Seeing this, I would feel reassured, and, shuffling my eyes once more, would sink back into that same refreshing ocean of sleep, from which she was thus forcibly dragged just now. What *could* I have done? I was so tired and weak. But maybe she, too, was that? Of this I didn't think at all.

My nurse is a remarkable being. As she stands here at early dawn, ready, for at least the fifth time to see to any requirements of my child, there is no hatred or bitterness in her look. Mute, and as if without a single thought on her brain, her eyes fixed on the paintings that adorn the wall of my room. But her cold, dull mien, and her soulless stare, seem to utter a protest much louder, clearer, and more desperate than any hatred known to the world.

"O, fellow-men! Why have you thus benumbed and stupefied me, why have you made me so callous that I cannot even feel when you rob from my *own* child, the fountain of my breast, the warmth of my mother-heart, my eyes' tender gaze? I know that my babe withers there, that it is dying for want of nourishment; I *know* it, and do *not* try to save it. I make no plaint to God of my bitter lot; I do not even groan, as would a cow when her calf is taken from her; I take the accursed dollars you thrust out to me as pay, and save—*your* child!"

Thus, I perceive, speaks to me the silent stare of the nurse, although I encounter it not. And again I lie me down in my bed, and, feeling yet somewhat weak, fall into slumber once more—as if nothing were amiss. And, when I write here the speech conveyed to me by my nurse's listless gaze,—it is merely as one in holiday attire who, on passing the dry (neglected), grave of a poor workingwoman, drops a few flowers there for kind remembrance.

But my nurse smiles so lovingly when she holds my child at her breast. And when I speak to her of *her own* child, she assumes a rather calm air—as if that were an affair which she has disposed of in her mind long ago.

And I, of course, am grateful to her for her kindness, and I take good care of her, treating her well, and see to it that she should be hale and healthy, in order that she may best satisfy my child's wants.

But one day I say to her:

"Your child is dead!"

And, while saying it, my eyes are steadfastly fixed upon her. I stand prepared, with open arms. Will this dreadful word scorch her flesh and dispel her lethargy? Will she effervesce rage, fling my nursing-child from her arms, and thrust an eternal curse upon the head of its mother, the guilty robber?

But no, not the least bit of all this.

"Dead?" she rejoins; and a tear rolls down her cheeks, and about her lips appears an expression of relief.

"Alas, perhaps it was the best for the poor little worm!"

And she bends over and presses a kiss upon the tiny lips of my child, who lies dreaming at my breast.—Selected.

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ANARCHY.—A social theory which regards the union of order with the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal; absolute individual liberty.—Century Dictionary.

The rich will do anything for the poor except get off their backs.—Tolstoy.

Observations.

In considering the attacks made on George D. Herron by such lickspittles as Hillis and others of his ilk, one is reminded of the dog that barked at the moon.

The strike as a remedy for labor troubles is beginning to be recognized as a failure. It has been argued that if all the workers in one of the lines of industry should organize and stand together in a strike for their rights, victory would be theirs. That argument has been tested by the action of the building trades of Chicago, during the past year, and has lamentably failed. They "stood together" for a year, but were finally compelled to lay down their arms, so to speak, and surrender to the enemy. The reason for their failure is plain to those who are not intellectually too lazy to study political economy. The monied class, the class that have in their possession the stored-up wealth that labor has produced, can do without the labor of the strikers a great deal longer than the striking laborers can get along without the necessities of life which are owned and controlled by the men against whom they are striking. The word "strike" is a misnomer when applied to the farcical action of laboring men laying down their tools and stupidly standing by only to see the meager contents of their larders soon exhausted, while their masters (the men the workers sell themselves to for so much per day), are surfeiting themselves in the luxuries of life. When the strikers' supplies are gone the axiom that "self-preservation is the first law of nature" comes into play, and they again don the garb of vassals and partake of the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table. Has not the curtain rang down on this farce, or rather tragedy, often enough? But the same actors will tread the boards in the same play until men learn that they are the rightful inheritors of the earth and the fullness thereof.

It has been contended, and for the sake of argument the writer will admit, that the mind is superior to the body. Among the people holding to this idea are those who most strongly condemn the unfortunates who sell their bodies to appease the lust of man. They look upon such a transaction, and rightfully, too, as a perversion of the reproductive functions, and a violation of the higher instincts of love. But mark the

incongruity. The same kind of people, without the least compunction, prostitute their intellectual faculties to far greater depths of infamy than the bodily prostitutes. They deliberately sell themselves to Mammon and engage in all sorts of pursuits that entail the most flagrant falsifying, cheating and deceiving. Virtue and truth are twin morals; to prostitute either is equally wrong.

The historian of the future must needs be either a humorist or a philosopher to regard the present status of society as the product of a sane people. He will see the egregious condition of human society as portrayed in the newspapers and periodicals that may be preserved for future reference. In one newspaper he will read of a whole family that had actually died of starvation in a hovel, while in another column of the same paper he will be able to read a statement that the storehouses are filled with goods which the people cannot buy because there is too much goods produced—overproduction! In another paper he will read of a child found famished and frozen through want in the midst of a great city, and in the same issue he will see an article describing a poodle dog whose owner had graced its neck with a collar set with diamonds. Midst all this seeming contradiction the collector of data will stroke his brow and run his fingers through his hair and wonder whether such a condition of society should be considered under the name civilized or barbarian.

Evanston, Ill. WILLIS M. ANDREWS.

Sophie Perovskaya.

Sophie Perovskaya was born in 1854. Her father was governor general of St. Petersburg. The family belonged to the highest aristocracy of Russia. Sophie's first revolt was successful. At the age of fifteen, desiring to educate herself, and being refused by her bigoted father, she ran away from home. After her father raged and stormed for weeks, unable to find her, he came to terms. Sophie communicated with him through friends, he gave her a passport, and she was free. Twelve years later Sophie mounted the scaffold, and sealed with her blood a young life's devotion to the cause of human liberty. From her fifteenth year to the time of her death, Sophie's life was an active one. She soon became a member of a secret society, whose aim was educational at that time; and coming in contact with some of the noblest minds and hearts in Russia, it is natural that this young and noble girl grew wondrously in strength and beauty of character. In '78-'79, when the "terror" made its first appearance, Sophie went into the struggle, and soon became a leading spirit among that heroic band, which had determined to offer active resistance to the despots who had so ruthlessly depopulated Russia of her noblest youth. In her propaganda among the workingmen, Sophie had great success; her great earnestness and simplicity won their hearts. She was one of the founders of the terrorist society. Mikhailoff and Rissakoff were members of it, and were destined to die on the same scaffold with her, for complicity in the attempt of March 13, 1881, which resulted in the death of the czar.

In view of the inner convulsions now disturbing the Russian government, it seems fitting to refer to those heroic martyrs of twenty years ago, whose spirit doubtless animates this young generation, who are nerving themselves to face every terror which tyrants summon to their aid.

How long must Russia's soil be watered with the blood and tears of her people, before they will rise and emulate of these heroes?

KATE AUSTIN.

A Merry Time.

Truly, we are living in a transitional period. Who would not be a merry czar, emperor, king or president? All of them never had so many guards as at the present time. Only look at the reign of terror and continuous rioting of the students in Russia, and the plots against the precious life of the czar. Why, the greatest problem before the world today is how to prevent a man on the street from reaching the kings, either by bombshell, bullet or knife; and the man who can devise such a scheme—to make their assassination impossible—would certainly return to monarchs their serenity, which will never return to them any more. They must quit their job.

I see also that the American consul at Liverpool says that the roast beef of old England is a thing of the past, and that jam is now the national dish. No wonder that beef from this country is no more in demand. The people of England will raise beef for the government assassins (soldiers), and eat jam themselves.

Then we see politics in England taking a hand,—Tories fighting the Liberals. At present the Tories being in power, are trying to make times merry for the poor in the workhouses; even going so far as to say that the outdoor relief given to the poor is inadequate to enable them to live outside. That in itself is enough to make the past "Guardians" turn in their graves. I remember how the past guardians shone in all their glory, when they gave the limit—the nimble half crown. Imbeciles are to have a separate building, and all are to have more air and space, better lighted wards and better ventilation. And think of it, the poor are to have meat dinners four times a week, and even a cook book with many hundred receipts. No children are to be allowed in the workhouse walls. They are to live in cottages, not more than twenty inmates, under the care of a foster-mother.

But who is going to pay for all these improvements? Does the burden not fall on the very class from whose ranks the paupers came, and to whom the powers that be will say, "You are not the deserving poor"? Consequently this reform of the Poor Laws is simply another effort to fool the people and stave off the social problem, which the presence of so much poverty in the midst of plenty has created.

Not one of the workers can afford to give his children the splendid accommodations provided in the Cottage Home for pauper

children; and the old saying that "all things work together for good," seems to me very applicable in this case. It will be a temptation to neglect the children, and the State will take care of them at the cost of the poor ignoramus who try to pay the bill and be good citizens.

Thus the government puts a premium on idleness, which is paid by the down-trodden toiler, for by the very machinery of government the cost must always fall upon the laborer who creates all wealth. And so the machine is working its own damnation, because it keeps on making paupers rather than facing the cause of such iniquity. But the unfortunate taxpayer is in for a rosy time—and all in the name of humanity.

Take particular notice of this, you Single Taxers. See what a stumbling-block it is to "reform." W. H. MARBLEY.

A New Religion.

"Dawn-Thought," a new work by the poet of radicalism, J. Wm. Lloyd, will surprise those of his readers who are familiar with his former writings. Poetic and full of beautiful sentiment we have all known him to be with all his liking for solid reasoning; but we were not prepared to find him a deep delver into the vast unknown from whence he brings up greater secrets than the occult scholars of old have ever given us. He has explained the universe! It is all harmonious, reconcilable, comprehensible. It is beautiful and grateful to the soul. One longs to absorb the new idea, which is at the same time as old as the human race, to become permeated with it, to become part of it, to have it a full part of ourselves. It has but one weakness or failing—we do not know that it is true!

It will do us as much good if we will read and believe as we read, for we become inspired, cheered, encouraged, and as far as our lives are concerned it is true. To feel that we are one with the Great Whole which contains all the good that exists, is a comforting experience; nothing worse can happen to us than does to the universe. Every atom is vivified, is eternal, is attracted and attractive—is Love. Life is in all things and we are part of this universal life. There is a supposable separation, which will sometime disappear and everlasting reconciliation, peace, love, rest, *Nirvana* will come.

It is all told in a clear, strong, vivid, beautiful style that makes the book more fascinating than a novel. It combines all the loftiness of poetry, and all the majesty of good prose with the painstaking labor that constitutes art. No one will willingly lay down the book until finished.

The "Dawn-Thought," as the author says, "came to him" in his rides to and from the city. It was apparently new to him and a wonderful discovery of the plan of the cosmos, and as such is given to the world. Very much is like the old Buddhist theories, and other thoughts are expressed by many of the New Thought advocates, Mental Scientists, etc., of today. But the comprehensive manner in which he puts it all together, and breathes through it such a spirit of love and wholeness, make it a new work, distinct from all others, and unique

in its construction. I hope the orthodox religionist will lay down his prejudices and the "hard-headed" materialist will forget his hard-drawn lines for the time, and both will read the book with unbiased minds. It will do them both good.

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

A Card to C. L. James.

DEAR COMRADE,—I am afraid you mistook the motive of my few lines, otherwise you would not have gone to the rather heavy task of marshalling up several hundred monosyllabic words in order to ridicule them. Not even under much stronger provocation would I allow my ire to get the best of my valor or discretion.

Shall one not rather direct the pointed arrows of his Satyr to a more worthy cause? Why did I write about those "Big Words"? Simply because I desired to call the kind attention of C. L. James to the fact that he forgets the class of readers he addresses in *FREE SOCIETY*; and as I am always very anxious to see him reach a much larger circle of readers with his invaluable contributions than he does now, using the most complex and imposing style, I intruded the few lines of mine.

But break a lance with you, Comrade James? Banish the thought!

Appreciatingly yours,

M. A. COHN.

Here and There.

In Italy 17,000 farm laborers have joined the trades union movement.

The miners of France are discussing the proposition of a general strike, if the government does not agree to the eight-hour day and old age pensions. The general opinion is that the strikers will win, and the government is greatly alarmed. The labor movement has shown such intense energy that the government is considering measures to appease the workers. The workers of France have had experience, and realize that their only effective means of warfare is the strike and expropriation of their products—not the ballot-box.

Comrade Nabelek, who was some time ago arrested in Rumania for alleged conspiracy against the king's life, died in the hospital, owing the brutal treatment he received during his imprisonment. His wife and children are left without support.

Another comrade was lost to the movement in the death of Goivani Paita, of Pittsburgh. He said that he was tired of struggling against the obstacles of life in this unjust system, and therefore committed suicide. He was an Italian, and leaves a 4-year-old daughter in his native land.

The dock laborers of Italy have manifested a spirit of international solidarity which is worthy of emulation. When the steamer *Massalia* arrived at Naples from Marseilles, 2,500 workmen refused to unload the steamer, in order to assist their fellow workmen in their strike at Marseilles.

It is reported that the sultan of Turkey has killed one of his physicians. The physi-

cian was attending him, and "unwittingly caused him intense pain," when the sultan took a fright, and shot the physician. He feared that an attempt was being made to take his life. No torture dungeon for the sultan! But then he was a sultan, and a sultan is a sultan.

The International Typographical Union has made an agreement with the Publishers' Association, which provides that hereafter all differences between them shall be settled by arbitration. Some of the trades union papers consider this as "an important and significant event," as it will do away with strikes. In the interest of labor it is to be hoped that this plan will not be followed by other trades, for it opens the door to bribery and corruption, taking from the workers the spirit of initiative and self-reliance.

A real live Anarchist, John Buchi, driven out of Canada by the authorities, will be a passenger on today's outgoing train, carrying away with him a poor opinion of British justice. The forcible breaking open of his trunk in search of seditious literature and possibly of dynamite was the climax in a series of sensational experiences. Mr. Devitt, who locked him up for eight hours, confiscated his literature and then gave him "hurry up" orders to quit the country. Buchi, who is a Swiss, said that the primary object of his mission to Canada was to solicit subscriptions for *FREE SOCIETY*, the organ of the revolutionary labor movement of America, published at 515 Carroll avenue, Chicago. He also carried a stock of books.

"I am an Anarchist," he said, "and I am proud to be a follower of the movement which believes in equality of opportunity. The power of capital is tyrannical and ere long the social revolution, bringing the dawn of better times to the laboring classes, will come with great suddenness, perhaps with violence."—*Rossland Miner*.

Recently Comrade Emma Goldman lectured in Lynn, Mass., where the people had not seen an Anarchist lecturer before. On the same day she also lectured in Boston. The following report is taken from the *Boston Post*:

She wished to emphasize the power of individuality; to show that conditions are not all; that people can rise above them and live their ideals as well as preach them, thus teaching by examples, which are so much stronger than mere words.

"The German soldier," she said, "who rather went to jail than to perform his duties as soldier, did more to propagate Anarchy than Mr. Simpson and myself for the last ten years."

Then she told her hearers how in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred an Anarchist could not only preach but act in compliance with his ideas. And the best thing to do, she thought, was just to ignore the government, to ignore the conventions, customs and traditions, to take no heed of the laws. Even so she acted at Philadelphia recently. The authorities would not let her speak. But she ignored them. She said that if they would not allow her to speak in a hall she would speak from the steps of City Hall. The result was that she had her own way.

Russia, she argued, had produced greater literary artists than Tolstoy is, but the fact that he lives his ideas, that he resists all oppression, that he is a living impersonation of freedom, has made him such a power and influence.

"The Boston Anarchists are becoming very active," says this same paper. Let this be true of all the cities!

History of the French Revolution.

V

Brienne found himself obliged to adopt his predecessors' measures. He brought his explosive before parliament disguised as a tax on land (one of Turgot's ideas). But by this time a regular opposition had formed, under lead of Duport, Fretreau de Saint Just, and Esprenenil. The long-meditated establishment of local legislatures was allowed to pass without resistance; but the tax was refused with the usual clamor. On August 6, 1787, the refractory members were brought from Paris to Versailles, and ordered to register the edict. They obeyed, but immediately on their return protested that they had no right to impose taxes—this power belonged to the States General alone. Their house was surrounded by an applauding crowd. On the 14th they were arrested by *lettre de cachet*, and packed off to Troyes, a dull place, a hundred miles from Paris. The king's brothers, amidst hisses from the populace, erased the obnoxious resolution. The parliament soon got tired of playing patriot and agreed on a loan; Louis promising to call the States General within five years (September 20). It quickly proved that each had been trying to deceive the other. The king had doubtless no intention of calling the States General. The parliament did not mean to record the loan. When orders were sent it to do so, the duke of Orleans rose and said this was not "a bed of justice," but a session. He, and two nobles who ventured to support him, were immediately imprisoned. But their spirit remained at large. The loan was not recorded. The people would not subscribe to it. Brienne, besides being unable to get money, was well pelted with pamphlets. They were known to be inspired by Orleans, who began to loom up as a possible claimant of the throne. This prince (great grandson of the famous regent) was now about forty. A life of debauchery had made his head bald, his face bronzed, and his cheeks disfigured with boils. But his enormous wealth, great talents, and vicinity to the crown, rendered him a most dangerous agitator. As early as 1771 he had headed the protest against suppressing parliament. Since 1776 he had been the queen's particular enemy. The scribblers by no means spared royalty. They said outright that fat Louis was impotent and imbecile; that his wife's children, born suspiciously long after her marriage, were not his; that France wanted a king with posterity and a mind. The duke's tastes were also rather bourgeois than aristocratic. He had increased his fortune by speculation. He built a great part of the modern Palais Royal, which was full of cafes, gaming houses, questionable boarders, and other attractions. The gardens were a public resort, and a center of sedition. But this would-be usurper, fortunately for France, was more adventurous about getting into danger than self-possessed when in. Refused his normal place in the army through the queen's ill-will, he had gone to sea, and been present at the battle of Ushant. He had also gone down into a coal-mine, and up in a (hot air) balloon; and, on all these occasions it was said he showed his characteristic relapse from rashness to timidity.

Brienne now arranged with the king a thorough *coup d'etat*. The parliaments were to be completely superseded by new courts called Grand Baillages, under a supreme tribunal (the plenary). The kingdom was divided into corresponding provinces. The governors (*intendants*), of all were to receive the new constitution simultaneously. Printers were conveyed in disguise to Versailles for the purpose of setting it up. They were guarded by sentries, and fed at the case. But Brienne should have begun by arresting the parliamentarians, who, during January, 1788, furnished an excuse in the form of a strong remonstrance. As usual with the doomed, everything had been mismanaged. So extensive a plot could not fail to leak out somewhere. By paying handsomely, D'Esprenenil got a copy of the edict, and laid it before parliament, May 3. The members swore to resist at peril of their lives. Intelligence of this rebellion soon reached Versailles. *Lettres de cachet* were issued for D'Esprenenil and his friend Goisland. They escaped over housetops to the Palais de Justice, where parliament reassembled. It sat thirty-six hours, in open defiance of the king, surrounded by an immense multitude. At last a whole army marched against it with horse, foot, and artillery. The members were turned out. The building was locked up. D'Esprenenil was sent to the island of St. Marguerite, Goisland to prison at Lyons. Louis appeared to have succeeded where Charles I had failed. But, unlike Charles, he was without a party. Nobles and people alike sustained parliament—the latter because they hoped something from it; the former because its fall would leave them as helpless as plebeians, and more exposed to royal anger or cupidity. The Bretons sent twelve of their deputies to remonstrate. All were put into the Bastille. A larger delegation followed. It was forcibly turned back. The undaunted Bretons sent a third. The delegates approached Versailles by different roads. They reached their destination; but the king would not see them. They held a meeting in Paris, and called on all their countrymen to join them, with Lafayette at the head. This was the origin of the Jacobin Club. Eight parliaments were put down, according to Brienne's program. But the tocsin rang, and those officers sent with the edict were repulsed, at Grenoble—center of long independent Dauphiny,—buttressed by the Alps,—inspired with Albigensian and Huguenot memories, with traditions which mention Hannibal and Bayard! The example nerved three other parliaments to successful resistance. First among them, sturdy old Brittany—unconquerable enemy to Cesar and Clovis; land of the Pelagians and Culdees, which never adopted the Roman language—she declared infamous whoever should accept Brienne's new offices. But, indeed, no one who had any reputation to lose would do it. The Plenary Court held only one session, and expired amidst hisses, like fire in a wet stick. Meanwhile, the remaining parliaments generally cancelled edicts as fast as they were compelled to register them.

The thirteenth of July arrived—a stormy day, with rain, wind, vivid lightning, and dreadful thunder. From those wild depths

of air which overhang "the forties" in mid-ocean, the cloud came lowering over France. It moved from southwest to northeast. Suddenly, near the Pyrenees, it began to release that most dreaded enemy of the harvest—hail. The first onset, after a short interval, was followed by another more destructive. There were two lines of this devastating progress, each, in places, twenty miles wide. Between them, for about twenty more, and beyond each, the rain fell in torrents, with heavy thunder. As the tempest worked northwards (it was last heard of in Holland) the stones became larger, the showers longer, the destruction more complete. For a hundred and twenty miles around Paris not a stalk of growing corn was left. Trees were stripped of their foliage, windows broken, animals and human beings lay beaten to jelly in the fields. No equal calamity from such a cause had been recorded since Israel came out of Egypt. The spectre of famine stared twenty-five million people in the face. The consternation was universal. Brienne recommenced calling the States General; and a hasty edict to that effect was issued. On August 16, another announced that payments would be made, three-fifths in cash, and two-fifths in interest-bearing notes of little value. Repudiation had come at last. Brienne, now prime minister, offered the financial department to Necker, and, on his declining it, Brienne himself resigned. His effigy was burnt by the populace, and Necker's chaired. Every passer on the Port Neuf was required to groan for Brienne and cheer for Necker. On August 24 the latter again accepted the portfolio. So great was his reputation, that though there were only about \$50,000 in the treasury, he negotiated a new loan, and the funds rose thirty per cent. This, however, can hardly be so much a tribute to his financial ability as confidence inspired by the king's change of councillors. It was certain now that the States General would actually meet, and certain that their session would destroy the monstrous system which had bankrupted France.

The States General were called to meet, not at Paris but at Versailles, the royal residence, on April 27, 1789. So long a time had passed since such an event occurred that even lawyers and antiquarians did not know the scale of representation. The nobles and clergy demanded a third for each order. The commons made the modest claim that twenty-four millions of them should elect as many representatives as half a million priests and nobles. Thus the orders, hitherto united in revolutionary zeal, parted company, never to heartily coalesce again. The parliaments pronounced for equal shares. The king called another Assembly of Notables (September 6); but, though it divided into committees and even received some reports, nothing was effected at its expiration, December 12. During January, Louis ordered that the commons should have as many representatives as the other orders united. The nobles were very sulky after this defeat. In Brittany they would not vote. In Provence a protest was formulated. Count Mirabeau, who took the popular side, was expelled from the oligarchical assembly, and at once became a tribune. This agitator, destined to such a mighty clouded fame, was

already forty years of age, and noted. His father was, like himself, a republican; but in his own family he was a tyrant. Nature had meant the son to be very handsome; but in infancy he became hideously disfigured by smallpox. His head was enormous, his hair a perfect shock. He was a giant in frame, an athlete in force. His family were always ashamed of him, and repeatedly imprisoned him by *lettre de cachet* for various escapades. His life had been dissolute; and he was now threatened with blindness. He had been a brave but insubordinate soldier. He was at feud not only with his father and his colonel, but his mother, his wife, and his harlot. In a quarrel, everyone knew he could hold his own, before he had been seen to raise a rallying standard. His voice was thunder, his tongue poison. He was an author, always political, but very miscellaneous. He wrote against England's employment of mercenary troops in the colonies, against *lettres de cachet*, against the Dutch monopolies, on the American Order of the Cincinnati. He attacked Calonne, criticized Reformed Judaism, described the kingdom of Prussia in print, and extricated himself from poverty by libelling the French government. But he never had a party or a following before. He designated the principal men of his time by eccentric double nicknames. Lafayette he called Grandison-Cromwell. He now, it is said, rented a shop and suspended over it his sign, MIRABEAU, DRY GOODS. Having thus formally renounced his rank, he was elected by both Aix and Marseilles to represent the Third Estate. He chose to serve for Aix.

By the final arrangements, every taxpayer over twenty-five was a voter. Those new assemblies organized by Necker and Brienne were mouthpieces of the call. Under each provincial assembly were others of *arrondissements*, under these others for parishes. In the latter are true plebeians, farmers who follow the plow. They talk about poll taxes, gabelle, octroi, corvée; and get ideas concerning the causes, connections, extent, of all these things. The man who knows more than his neighbors is an oracle. The wine-shop, the barber's, the lawyer's little office, the cure's parlor, the street corner—each becomes a forum. During the canvass, there was another rain of pamphlets. That which caused the greatest sensation was written by the Abbe Sieyès. Its pith consisted in those three questions and answers following. "What is the Third Estate? The whole people. What has it been hitherto? Nothing. What does it want? To become something." Meanwhile, gaunt and grim, stalks Famine, the last instructor of contented slaves, with a rod in whose switchings is much information.* The winter after that terrible hail storm was the coldest since 1709. Before New Years' the Seine froze from Paris to Havre. In Provence and Languedoc, a third of the olive trees died. The rest were set

back two years. In Vivarais and the Cevennes whole forests of chestnuts perished, with all the hay crops and winter wheat. The Rhone overflowed its delta for two months. With spring approaching, distress becomes more dire. There is actual scarcity, not mere high prices. Even the rich find it hard to obtain bread. In Normandy, even land-owners eat barley and drink water. Non-cereal foods are plenty, but the poor cannot buy them. The peasants try to make bread out of oats and bran; but children die of eating it. At Troyes the bakers charge five sous a pound—wages being twelve a day. In many parishes, a quarter of the people are begging. The pauper population of Paris has trebled. In Saint Antoine alone there are thirty thousand mendicants. The government sends grain to the places worst afflicted. This is the sort of grain sent—At Villeneuve, rye is so poor and black that it will not go without admixture of wheat. At Sens, the barley tastes musty—buyers throw the loaves in the bakers' faces. At Chevreuse it has sprouted and smells bad. At Fontainebleau, rats and weevils have gnawed it so there is more bran than flour. It must be worked over several times to make bread. "The bread," says a witness who did not have to live on it, "was generally blackish, earthy, and bitter, producing inflammation of the throat and pain in the bowels. . . . I have seen portions of it yellow in color, with an offensive smell; some forming blocks so hard that they had to be broken with repeated blows of a hatchet." Under these painful circumstances, there were riots, which M. Taine dignifies with the name of *Jacqueries*. Mobs attempt to seize grain throughout Normandy; and men are killed "on both sides." At Montlhéry, women rip open sacks of grain with scissors, and bakers' shops are robbed. At Bray sur Seine, May 1, a mob compels the farmers who have come to market to sell for three livres a bushel. At Bagnoles, 1st and 2d of April, an armed multitude exacts contributions. At Amiens, wheat belonging to the Jacobins (monks) is seized and sold. At Nantes, the price of bread is reduced, to avert an attack on the town hall. At Fougères and Vitre, strangers are not allowed to buy. At Saint Leonard, Bost, Saint Didier, and Tournon, grain going elsewhere is stopped. At Mons and Montdragon millers are mobbed for speculating. At Thiers, a wheat field is plundered, and the proprietor beaten for resisting. At Nevers, no bread having been sold for four days, some barns are plundered. At Nantes, a man is wounded. Around Caux, there are midnight robberies. At Chartres, three or four hundred woodchoppers make a plundering raid. At Cambresis, three abbeys, seven houses, and some wagons are looted. Near Uses and Limaux, legal documents are burnt—at the former, the perpetrators, who numbered twenty-five and wore masks, were arrested, but rescued by a mob. At Ploermel, "many places in Alsace," Isere, and Lyons, taxes are resisted, and collection delayed. At Agde, the bishop has to renounce certain tolls. At Marseilles, the house of a contractor (revenue-farmer?), and at Brignolles, that of an exciseman, is sacked. The consul (mayor) of Arles is shaken at a window, and lowers prices. In more than forty towns and villages the

meal tax is suspended, as dangerous—among them are Aix, Marseilles, and Toulon. The mayor of this last, the bishop of Sisterons, and a citizen of La Sajne, are assaulted. At Amptman is killed in a fray. At Brignolles there is a serious riot—thirty-five houses pillaged. At Sollier, a mill is burnt. At Pernier, the president is made to give up his seigniorial rights. At Riez, the bishop is fain to ransom his palace. At Barjols the Unsubline nuns are made to pay a contribution; and ninety loads of wheat are reported taken from two persons. Horrible to relate, the game laws are extensively violated. And, now the thermometer is below zero, people are wicked enough to cut wood in monseigneur's forests here and there. All things have an end. I have omitted from Taine's list of outrages only a few which totally lack either evidence or importance. And I think on the fable of the Beasts with the Plague.* The King, in a fright, was pardoning all offenses. But he deferred the meeting of the States General from April 27 to May 4. On that 27th the house of one M. A. M. Reveillon, in or near the Faubourg St. Antoine, was sacked because he had spoken ill of the commons. The uproar brought together 100,000 people. Except at the focus, they were harmless; but the narrow streets were packed tight for a radius of a mile. It was two or three hours before some cannon sent to disperse the mob reached a place where shame would let them fire. Having accomplished this at last, they delivered one volley of grape; and the populace, as usual, ran away.

The nobles had succeeded in having it arranged that voting should be indirect and *viva voce*. Nevertheless, the elections ran altogether in the popular current. Of 600 representatives chosen by the clergy, 200 were cures, sons of peasants, who could not hope to rise, living among the poor, working hard, for \$50 to \$150 a year. This showed that though the aristocratic bishops were regarded with much awe, the priests voted to suit themselves; and their representatives might be expected to do likewise. All people were explicitly invited to send the States General their grievances.

C. L. JAMES.

(Continued next week.)

* The beasts having the plague, as La Fontaine tells it, resolve to confess their sins: the most guilty to die *pro bono*. The Lion begins as follows:

J'ai devore force moutons,
Qu'est ce qu'ils m'ont fit? Nulle offense.
Même il m'est quelque fois arrive a manger.
Le berger!

After the Wolf and other noble animals have made similar confessions, the Ass admits having sometimes eaten the grass which grew through a neighbor's fence. The Ass died, by unanimous consent.

— O —

Passaic, N. J., April 29.—The American cigar factory started up today, after a lapse of one week, caused by the strike of employees. The first break in the strike occurred this morning, when fifteen of the girl cigar-makers returned to work with twenty brought from New York. At 6 o'clock tonight the police charged the strikers, who gathered at the mill. The girls resented the rough treatment. Several girls were dragged along the streets by the hair and the strikers have gained sympathy by the police brutality.—Chicago American.

* Most of the ensuing particulars are from Taine. Possessing a brilliant gift of word-paint, writing in the conservative interest soon after the Commune, and constantly referring to original authorities, he doubtless does the very best for his extravagant thesis—that the French Revolution, "by virtue of its devotion to ideals, the greatest, most animating event in history." Matthew Arnold said was only a gigantic bread-riot. Like all men of much ability who have written about it, he adopts a screamy style.

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The number printed on the wrapper of your paper shows that your subscription has been paid up to that number.

AGENTS FOR FREE SOCIETY.

The following named persons will receive and receipt for subscriptions for FREE SOCIETY.

ALLEGHENY, Pa.—H. Bauer, 73 Spring-garden Ave.
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—M. Kisluck, 1108 Baltic Ave.
B. Morwitz, 2018 Baltic Ave.
BALTIMORE—M. Kahn, 1139 Granby St.
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For CHICAGO.

The FREE SOCIETY SUSTAINING CLUB meets every Wednesday evening at 515 Carroll Ave.

May 15, Clarence S. Darrow will speak on "Tolstoy's 'Slavery of Our Times.'"

Take the Lake Street Elevated, Ashland Avenue Station, or any surface line crossing Ashland Ave. or Paulina street, which is one block east of Ashland Ave.

Appeal to All Catering Help.

Do you realize the actual standing of your social, professional and intellectual conditions? Do you see the need of uprising against all injustices, exploitation, ill treatment and abuses by certain employers and foremen of our crafts? Do you feel the need of a publication especially devoted to our crafts, to expose impartially all evils, and hold them to public opinion? a press in order to get a better unity in our "class struggle," a paper of ourselves and for ourselves, a publication independent of all national, race and prejudices, a paper for right, justice and manhood, for which every craftsman or employe can contribute, and which every hotel, restaurant, dining-room, saloon or club employe, he be manager, book-keeper, checker, steward, cook, waiter, time-keeper, bell-man or dish-washer should patronize; a paper for the good of the catering trade in particular and humanity in general; a paper for "civilization," against inhumanity and its professional infame lieutenants and their tools?

All you of our crafts, who are honest thinkers, and understand that our life should and could be

bettered, devote as much as possible of your time, and a little of your savings, to advocate amongst your acquaintances in our trade, these, our steps to a realization of creating a Journal. Address money orders and all correspondence to John Lambert, 425 East 15th St., New York.

The Letter-Box.

C. S., Philadelphia.—Of Course it is to be deplored that detailed reports were not sent in by those who are able to write, neither of Comrade Kropotkin's meetings in New York nor of the outrages committed against free speech in Philadelphia; but what's to be done if the comrades are so indifferent? Pamphlets have been sent.

RECEIPTS.

Simon, E. Ruedebusch, J. Ruedebusch, Sorrensen, Waldman, Bergman, each \$1. Tucker, 75c. Blum, Book, Cutler, Katz, Menkin, Zahn, Seymon, Rosenberg, each 50c. Epstein, Sharlip, Meyers, each 25c.

DONATIONS.—Social Science Club, Philadelphia, \$2.10. Proceeds from the sale of "The Slavery of Our Times" (Tolstoy) \$1.85. Martena, 20c.

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Professor Bertha Grouseth, Lawrence, Kans., teacher of hypnotism and hypnotic healing; write for terms. a3-34.

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MEETINGS.

BOSTON—Boston Group meets every Friday evening at 1125 Washington St., cor. Dover. Hall on second floor.

CLEVELAND, Ohio—Liberty Association meets every Sunday 3 o'clock p. m., at 170 Superior St., in Memorial Hall. It is a free platform and takes in the entire field of scientific and sociological questions. Admission free. The public is cordially invited.

NEW YORK—The Social Science Club meets every Thursday 8 p. m., 250 W. 23rd Street.

PATERSON, N. J.—Social Science Club meets every Sunday morning at 10 a. m., cor. Market & Cross Sts.

PHILADELPHIA—The Social Science Club meets every Sunday evening at Industrial Hall, Corner Broad and Wood Streets. Lectures, questions and discussions concerning the topics of the hour.

PITTSBURG—The Debating Club meets every Sunday afternoon 2 p. m. at 155 Crawford St. Take any Fifth Ave. car Pride St.

SAN FRANCISCO—Independent Debating Club meets every Sunday 2 p. m., at 909 Market St. Free discussion.

MEMOIRS OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

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